UNPRINTED SESSION LAWS.

Why Haven't They Been Given to the Publie Long Ago?

WANT ANOTHER PACKING HOUSE.

Lincoln Will Raise a Fund of \$109,-000 to Secure It-Meeting of the Irish National League -Capital News.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.] There is a growing complaint because the session laws passed at the last legislature are not yet printed and accessible to the public. On the 1st of July the laws that were without the emergency clause went into effect, and yet they are not yet published, and the public is wholly unacquainted with the new measures. It is a surprise that something is not done to bring about a reform in the matter of state printing. Neither the house nor senate journals have yet been printed, and they bid fair to be strung along until eighteen months after the session before they will be turned out by the printer. In the matter of the session laws, however, there is a direct necessity that they be furnished the public, and three months ought to be time enough to publish them in. A Chicago paper notes that in Illinois inside of two weeks after the close of the session the session laws were out in book form as required by law. At the present rate of progress it will be months yet before the Nebraska session laws are before the people, and as for the house and senate journals another session is liable to roll around before the people see them. If the public printers are not under bonds to do this work in reasonable season they ought to have pride enough to do the work for some public good. BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

There will be an important meeting of the board of trade at the district court room this evening, at which time the room this evening, at which time the efforts to secure a new packing house at West Lincoln will be up for ratification and immediate action. A committee has been at work for several days the past week raising a fund of \$100,000 to secure a packing house. On Saturday \$60,000 of the amount was subscribed and by the time of the meeting it is expected the fund will be raised. It is urged that all members of the board attend this meeting. tend this meeting.

Judge S. M. Chapman will arrive from Judge S. M. Chapman will arrive from Plattsmouth to-day to hear the argument in the celebrated Dawson will case, the testimony having been taken at the last term of court. The arguments, judging from the importance of the case, will be exhaustive and complete, and the decision in the case will be watched with a good deal of interest. The plaintiff in the case is represented by T. M. Marquett, Harwood, Ames & Kelly, A. J. Sawyer and W. J. Lamb, while the defense is watched over by J. M. Woolworth, O. P. Mason and L. C. Burr.

THE LEAGUE MEETING. The Lincoln branch of the 1. N. L. met The Lincoln branch of the I. N. L. met at Fitzgerald hall yesterday afternoon. The attendance was very large and the ladies were well represented. The proceedings opened with a finely executed corner solo by Mr. William O'Shea, followed by Mr. Nicholas Lawler, who sang in splendid style "Only to See Her Face Again." The local favorite vocalist, Mr. Barnaby, then gave the "Minstrel Boy" with stirring emphasis.

with stirring emphasis.

The chairman, Second Vice-President
Charles McGlane, then introduced Mr. Thomas Carr, the speaker of the day.

Mr. Carr read an excellent historical
essay treating of the Irish exiles in Eu-

rope. He traced their career and military heroes in France, Spain, Austria and Rus-In the last named country De Lacy founded that great army which now fills all Europe with uneasy feeling, and is destined yet to contest the supremacy of Asia with England. Mr. Carr concluded his valuable discourse with a reference to contenoy and to the esteem expressed by

Napoleon for his Irish legion.

A warm vote of thanks was accorded the speaker, after which Mr. Lawlor sang with great feeling "The Harp that Once, etc.

An essay from a lady member of the branch has now become a feature of the Lincoln meetings and the chairman in-troduced Miss Maggie O'Reardon, a relative of the redoubtable Tim Healy, the Tory pulverizer. Miss O'Reardon soon evinced that she shared the talent of her distinguished kinsman and in choice and well connected words she paid her tribute to the genius of America and Ireland's love for the stars and stripes. Miss O'Reardon concluded with a prayer that the dawn of an independence day would light up the glens of her dear old home and Irish hills re-echo the crackling

fireworks of Ireland's small boys cele-brating their own Fourth of July, Miss O'Reardon's beautiful address created enthusiasm and she concluded amid applause.

Mr. Wm. O'Shea and Mrs. J. J. Butler were named as speakers for the 21st of August after which the meeting ad-

THE GERING JOINT STOCK CO., of Gering, Cheyenne county, Neb., has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. The business of the company is the buying and selling of

company is the buying and selling of land, laying out town sites, etc. The capital stock is \$5,000. The incorporators are Osear W. Gardiner, F. A. Garlock, George W. Trefern, C. W. Johnson and Martin Gering.

The Elkhorn Valley bank, of Burnett. Madison county, has filed articles of incorporation. The capital stock of the bank is \$50,000, \$12,500 of which is to be paid up at the commencement of business. paid up at the commencement of business. The indebtedness, including deposits to which the bank shall be subject, is \$150,000, the corporation to begin business. ness July 20, and continue twenty years. Incorporators: James Stuart, John S. Crae, C. E. Burnham, H. S. Manville and

H. N. Benjamin. THE POLICE COURTS.

There was something of a volumious police court yesterday. H. F. Gankey, J. M. Howard, Z. Wilson and Thomas Fannan were before the court as plain drunks. They were assessed \$3 and costs, two paying out and two being commit-

Mrs. Hawke, for leaving slops in a barrel contrary to the health ordinance, was fined a dollar and costs for her care-

The case of J. Gray, a colored man, and Mrs. Cross, a colored woman, who were lodged in jail for the promiscous use of firearms, was continued until to-day for a hearing. There was a rush of attorneys in the morning hours to get to defend the woman.

PERSONAL. J. D. Calhoun, the editor of the Democrat, who has been enjoying Colorado scenery for thirty days, is home to the

routine of fourteen hours a day again.

County Treasurer Campbell, of Cass county, was at the state house yesterday securing something over \$1,000 that was refunded to the county by the state at the last session. the last session.
S. M. Barker, president of the state

board of agriculture, was in the city yes-terday on state fair business and new improvements at the fair grounds.
R. C. Cushing, of Omaha, one of the heavy railroad builders in the state was in Lincoln yesterday. C. A. Baldwin, Fred W. Gray, and H. T. Clarke were also among the Omaha men at the capital

Dity yesterday.
Lou May, of Frement, the energetic

member of the fish commission who made

member of the fish commission who made the attractive display at the state fair last fall, is in Lincoln superintending the erection of an addition to the build-ing on the fair ground.

Near midnight Saturday night, the police arrested Mrs. Lou Prattier, who lives on Monroe avenue near Twenty-first street. In the house at the time was a woman named Mrs. Alice Bell and a men named Grant Dodd. The man es-caped from the ollicers but the women caped from the officers, but the women were required to appear at court yesterday as inmates of a house of prostitution. Both plead not guilty and the case was

A warrant was sworn out in police court yesterday charging David May, one of the clothing men in town, with selling goods on Sunday. The time for hearing the case has not yet been fixed.

Thousands of people suffer with back ache, not knowing that in most cases it is a system of deseased kidneys and liver which plasters and lotions cannot heal. The best and safest remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle.

A DAKOTA LIAR. How He Prevariented For His Country's Good.

Dakota Bell: A man was driving through the country in a centaal Dakota county and got into conversation with a settler who was sitting in front of his

"You have a fine farm here," he said to

the settler.
"Best in the country, stranger." "Do you raise big crops?

"Crops? Big crops?"

"Well, I calculate I do." "The soil is very rich here, I suppose?"
"That don't express it; rich don't do it

justice! This sile is perfect, absolutely perfect, best in the world! It is deep as a well, mellow as an ash heap, rich as gold—yes, sir, no other sile in the world will compare at all with it!"

"I'm glad to hear it."
"Say, stranger," continued the settler, straightening up, "d'ye hear that kinder holler, poundin' sound?".
The man admitted that he didn't know

but he could hear something.
"Yes," continued the settler, "kinder boomin' sound, like hittin' an empty bar'l with an old rubber boot."

"Stranger, that's my punkins bein' yanked along 'cross the ground so fast they bound up in the air every once in a while." "Your pumpkins? What is drawing them at that rate?"

"The vines, stranger, the vines—they're growin' so fast ye see. We have to take a fast hoss and lasso ,em when we gather a fast hoss and lasso, em when we gather 'em. They'll be 'bout wore out. I have to admit this is a poor place for punkins and squashes. See that little knoll over there, 'bout a hundred yards 'cross it an' twenty feet high?"

"That one down there with a bushy tree growing on top of it?"

"Y-a-a-s-but it haint no tree—it's a beet top."

"Why did you plant it on top of the "Didn't, stranger, ground was perfectly

evel when I planted it there. Beet so big it has kinder re'red the ground up all 'round it and made a knoll. Planted one next to my house the first year an'i hoisted it up and pretty near tipped it "Isn't the season a little dry for

"They go down to water, stranger, that well there is the hole that beet came out of. I had a crabapple tree near the house the same year, an' the apples grew so big they busted and broke all my win-

ders. Want to hear how we husk corn?'
"I'll try and stand it..' "We chop off an ear an' let it fall on the ground and then husk it with a team—hitch onto the end of a husk an' drive 'longside of the ear an' peel it off and then go back after another."

head of it struck me on the shoulder an'

"I have to have to have gas pipe for my beans to climb—they are so strong an' squeeze so tight that they cut a wooden pole in two in a dozen places."

pretty near broke my collar bone."

"There was a big rock down on the back end of my place bout ten feet each way an' it stuck down into the ground bout four feet. I laid a reddish seed on the middle of it an' the seed sorter smelt the remarkable rich sile down under the rock, as I might say, an' it begun to grow an' down she went, sharp end first, of course, an' it split the rock in twenty pieces an' I drawed it off."

"I might tell ye of lots of other things equally as s'prisin' if I had a mind to."
"I don't doubt it. But see here, are you telling me all these infernal hes be-

cause you want to sell your farm."

"O no, sir; no sir; I've just toid you the usual thing. I won't sell—I just do it for the good of the country. There's some as want t' sell, ye see, an' we all sorter pull together—always do in a new country, ye know. The story don't hurt me nero, ye know. The story don't hurt me nero, sell, lets o' you derned fools. me none, an' lots o' you darned fools from the east believes it. I reckon, though, that you have traveled. Good day-stop if you should be goin' past

Business in Steel Rails.

New York Commercial Bulletin: That late reports of an unprecedented volume of business in steel rails for the current year are quite in harmony with the facts is settled by an official return of the sales made during the past six months. According to this statement orders for no less than 1,695,000 tons were booked by manufacturers during the period between January 1 and July 1. Of this amount only an insignificant portion has represented speculative purchases, while the rails that were taken for "investment" have since been nearly all resold to rail-road companies. The production allotted for the balance of the year is 274,000 tons, and the reports emanating from mill agents leave it doubtful that all of this quantity can be turned out in addition to the amount under contract That there is an outlet for the 274,000 tons there can be no doubt. In fact, the estimate is made by trustworthy authorities that, of domestic and foreign rails together, fully 2,250,000 tons will have been laid at the close of the year.



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SLAVERY IN PENNSYSLVANIA.

A Cry for Help From the Down-Trodden Bondsmen of the Coal Mines.

THE DRAGON OF MONOPOLY

It is Blasting the Lives of Men and Devouring Children-Breakers and Crushers-A Lamentable Condition.

They say that slaves exist in Pennsylvania. It is true, Under the ægis of protection in protection's stronghold, under the disgraced flag of the Keystone state, there lives and flourishes a slavery which is a shame upon the name of America, I have seen its horrid form, and blush for the government which permits it. Thus writes a correspondent of the New York World.

A cry for help goes out from thousands and thousands of slaves of the coal mines. Here they are, right in the heart of these grand old mountains, in the breast of Pennsylvania, the mother of independence. Here they are in swarming thousands; poor, helpless, down-trodden bondsmen. They dwell on the tops of mountains, bare and grizzly, covered only with brush and the naked skeletons of dead trees. They inhabit huts and kennels in valleys choked with the dust of coal and slate, and bearing turgid streams once famous trout brooks, now poisonous sluices, down to mark the rivers with the signmanual of the business which is so full of death. of death and destruction to those who follow it. From out these peopled wastes and multitudinous solitudes, where are exhumed the precious black diamonds which warm the world when the sun is playing truant beyond the equator, has this cry gone forth for years unheard and unheeded. It is the cry of enslaved men, of hungry women and naked children—a cry for bread and justice; but these that utter it feel that the world is far away and utterly deaf, so far, at least, as they are concerned. Oh, but it is a monster of hideous mien that broods on these mountain-tops hatching mischief; and woe to the weak! Call it by what name you will—unity of interest, combination, trust, monopoly, or perhaps conspiracy—you can not change the di-abolical nature of the beast. You get he sting of the dragon's tail down in New York when you pay unholy prices for your coals. Up here they feel the jaws, the sharp teeth, the unscrupulous breath. Here Sir Dragon blasts the lives of strong men. He devours little chil-dren. He delights in the wails and tears of women. He filches money from the pockets of poverty, and robs bellies that

are already empty.

Ten days ago the World sent out a correspondent with orders to investigate thoroughly and report without bias the condition of affairs in the anthracite region. Stories of almost incredible wrong had been received. It was said that sys-tematized extortion and robbery were practiced; that the miners were forced to endanger their lives by working with ignorant Slavs and Huns, who, because they were willing to work for 60 and 90 cents a day were sent into the mines when they could not speak English, when they did not know the dangers of the business, and when their presence was a constant menage both to themselves and constant menace both to themselves and the intelligent miners; that the miners and their families were bound in chains of debt to dishonest employers, and that they could obtain no redress for their wrongs, which were daily growing more grievous. From personal observation in the big eastern middle region, I can say that all of these charges are true. Nay,

they do not begin to tell the tale. I have seen miles of cars side-tracked "Slow job." in order to hold them back, restrict work, "Yes, but there's twenty bushels of shorten the visible supply, and make us in order to hold them back, restrict work, corn when we get through. I was out pay enhanced prices for coal next win-looking at my wheat yesterday, an' a ter. I have seen company stores where ter. I have seen company stores where miners are charged double rates for mine supplies and the necessaries of life. I have seen at Hazelbrook, Gowen, Jeddo, Highland, Beaver Meadow, Stockton. Hazleton, men living in and paying gross rentals for miserable sties that you would

hate to house a horse in.
Oh, the heils that men build and then call them breakers! Breakers, indeed— breakers of hearts and lives, breakers of decrepid age and half-formed youth; breakers of body, mind, and soul at 35 cents the day.

Everybody may not know that a coalbreaker is a huge frame structure, a sort of four-story barn, shaped something like the capital letter A, which stands at the mouth of a slope or entrance to a mine. Cars loaded with coal are drawn to the top of this structure and contents dumped into a big hopper. As they fall they are divided by men and machinery, crushed by big rollers, sorted into the respective sizes of commerce, cleaned of their slate, and delivered below into

I visited one of Pardec's breakers not far from Hazleton. Pardee is the twen-ty-millionaire coal-king, who is estimated the closest man in Hazleton. He opened his heart on the Fourth and contributed \$10 to the celebration fund. He also ounded something recently down at Easton. Pardee's colleries gladden the sight all about Hazleton. Thousands of acres of black swamp and hundreds of cave-ins and wicked-looking holes testify to the huge wealth which Pardee has taken out of the earth. Rather an innocuous old man is Pardee, though under his ownership men have suffered many wrongs. He is simply avarieous and Compared to the horrors of Hazlebrook and Gowen, people say he is

a white-robed angel.

The breaker, into which we climbed haphazard, was an average one of the medium size. Some of the big ones, I am told, employ about one hundred and fifty boys, but this one got along with twenty or thirty, besides half as many men. It is against the laws of Penusylvania for any company to employ boys under twelve years of age in a breaker, but if there is a single colliery in this re-gion which complies with this law it hides its light very carefully under a bushel.

Entering the breaker by a steep, inclined pathway of boards, we were soon lost amid an intricate collection of joists and beams and cumbersome machinery. The air was murky and covered with dust. The beams was covered with it, and it was useless to try and keep clean. The huge structure trembled under the strain of the long steel cable and the cars ascending and descending the slops. A single board or succession of boards led the way aloft. One could not help thinking what a death-trap the breaker would be in case some merry spark below got in some rapid work. There would be no escape. Reaching the top, we stood upon a narrow shelf and watched the cars come loaded out of the black hole which led down twelve hundred feet into the earth. Two small boys and a man were stationed here to dump cars, and the "dockage boss," of whom much more anon, had his eagle eye on the loads, and made the cruel chalk-marks which carry such desolation to the hearts of the

"How much do you make a day?" I asked of the lad at the pump, a round-faced boy who knew he had the butt end of the job and was not ill-pleased at the

knowledge.

"Fifty five cents a day," he replied.

"Is that the usual price for the boys?"

"O no. The slate pickers down below only gets 35 cents."
"Do you find the work unhealthy?"
"Well, I don't know," the fittle rascal

call an inclined plank a stairs-a plaintive group of worn looking old men poked the chunks of coal into their poked the chunks of coal into their proper receptacles, the proper size descending at once to the cnutes for broken coal, the rest going to the crushers. Sad wrecks these veterans, tottering to the grave. Hollow-cheeked and hollow-chested, stoop-shouldered, tremulous, with shrilly piping or husky voices. They are better fitted for the infirmary of an old man's home than for this exposed perch in a dirty breaker.

posed perch in a dirty breaker.
"What do you get for this?" I asked a

husky old man.

"Ninety cents a day, sir."

"Steady work?"

"Not very, sir. They can't get cars always, you know, sir. Then we be's idle."

"Vinety cents a day! Harding for "Ninety cents a day! Hardly a for-

"Indeed, you be right, sir; but she bet-ter nor nothin'." "But why haven't you laid by enough to live on!" The poor soul turned a bleary eye of

wonder on the questioner and said: God's above us, they never let me. wurruked twenty years an' more for Mis-ter Pardee, but they niver let me get ahead. Then me lungs went away, an'— an' here I be. I can wurk in the mine no longer, ye see.''

An that was his story in a nutshell-the story of thousands of old men. There are other thousands who, after working a lifetime-twenty, thirty, forty years-in the mines, have been turned adrift in old

the mines, have been turned adrift in old age, when they were no longer useful and when they obstinately refused to die. But this is a peculiarity which is not monopolized by the coal operators.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws in which the broken coal finds its proper hole and drops into its appointed place come into view. Skilled workmen at fair pay control these machines, assisted by men and boys at scant wages. Then come the slate-pickers, and here we find tender childhood working ten hours a day for three and a half cents an hour, and fines abundant. Chil-dren! Can we call the old-faced little wretches—these men of nine, ten, eleven and twelve years of age—can we call them children? Here they sit, black-faced, grimy counterparts af their daddies in the mines below; sit throughout the livelong day, picking, picking the sharp-cornered pieces of slate from out the coal you are to burn next winter.

"Do you call those boys twelve years old?" I asked the man in charge. "They won't average eleven."
"That's true enough," he answered, but it's none of my funeral. They will

all tell you that is their age.' I called a trembling youngster to me and asked his age. "Twelve," he said.
"No, you are not. Tell me truly."
"Twelve," said he, more faintly yet.
"Now, see here, bub, don't be afraid to

tell the truth. I'm not a-going to hur you. Tell me your exact age."
"Twelve next spring," he whispered.
Another lad, a little more bold, said,
the first time trying, that he was "a quar-

ter to twelve. As a matter of fact, the operators don't care whether a boy is twelve or ten. The law be hanged! A few concerns make applicants bring letters from their parents that they are of the legal age. In other cases the sons of widows are given work when they are known to be under age. But usually nobody cares. The law is a dead letter.

It is safe to say that ten per cent of the lads are physically injured by premature labor. Go where they are at work and your eyes will discover the little sufferers. To see them at their work, pallidfor no amount of coal dust can hide the pallor-nerveless, lacking every attrib-ute of healthy boyhood; to see them going to and from their work, silent and drooping, with bowed heads and lackluster eyes-these things would tell the story better than ten thousand words. There is something so atrocious in the dockage system practiced in this un-happy region that I have not dared to write of it until after the most thorough investigation. One hesitates to believe a great millionaire concern guilty of

straight out thievery; one doubts the

truthfulness of those who bring the

charge. Yet what shall be said when every one of thousands of miners make exactly this charge, and backs it up by facts? The Upper Lehigh is one of the best mines in the region. Here D. N. Evans, now a member of the state legislature, who, by the way, is blacklisted by the companies and can get work nowhere because he fought in the cause of the men who put him in office—here Mr. Evans worked for many years. At one time, after three months of steady work in the Upper Lehigh mines, Mr. Evans found that he had earned just \$25. The rest of the profits of his labor-heavers had been stolen by the company through

the check-marks of the dockage boss. The Nesquenoning mine of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company is a gilt-edged concern in the treatment of its men. It has neither the outrageous company store system nor the company doctor system. Yet I saw men there, hon-est, hard-working, sober men—one of them never tasted liquor, and that he owns a little pasture lot for his cow shows that he is a frugal man,—1 saw men there who had worked a month and received \$5 for it.

And I have seen men at Hazleton, at Jeddo, at Highland, at Hazel Brook, at Freeland and elsewhere who have slaved and toiled in the mines for a month only to find themselves in debt to the com-

"Yes," said a poor fellow in upper Lehigh, "I have seen the day when I had to run home and ask the wife to give me a dollar or two out of the stocking to pay the company for the privilege of working for them that month,

"But you had made your rent and food and clothes in the meanwhile?" I said, increduously. "Not a ceut, sir, not a cent! I worked

at a loss. These are not exclusive cases. They are not even rare. So far as I can learn there is not a colliery in the field, unless possibly it be those at Sandy Run be-longing to Mr. Kemmerer, who is re-ported to be a white blackbird among he mine operators, at which instances like the above can not be multiplied.

'My friend!' said an old miner solemuly, 'nobody but a miner knows the hell that lies in those words—the dockage boss. He is the slave driver that holds a whip over us all the time. His chalkmark has got to be stood to, clean coal or dirty. There ain't no appeal from his say-so. And you bet he earns his salary every time. If he don't, the company an't no use for him. God! I company an't no use for him. God! I have seen men come out of the mine and go tremblin' like cowards to the office to look in that awful glass case which tells the dockages. I have seen tears burst like rain from the eyes of strong men who was a-workin' and a-toilin', oftentimes with bleeding hands a-handling of the sharp coal, and a-tryin' to get food for sick wives and shoes for their chil-

the sharp coal, and a-tryin' to get food for sick wives and shoes for their children's feet, when they come to see their work all gone for naught. You think I'm drawin' it steep, sir. May God strike me dead if every word of it an't true."

For a long while I heard this talk about working for nothing and working at a loss without being able to make head or tail out of it. I took it as a figure of speech. Then one day an unusually clever miner began to talk figures. I put them down and the thing became as clear as day. It is in the power of the docking boss, by a sweep of a piece of chalk to biot out the profits of an entire day's work. That he earns his salary at the day's work. That he earns his salary at the expense of the poor miners there is, unhappily, no room for doubt. In a few-a very few-mines, the docking system is a sort of averaging affair, in king the clean

dirty work of his lazier brethren. But in the vast majority of cases, as thousands of miners stand ready to prove, it amounts to downright robbery.

Outside of the regular dockage for alleged slate in the coal, the men complain of many irregular ways of cutting into their scanty earnings. In some of the mines it is broken contracts. A man contracts to do a certain piece of work

contracts to do a certain piece of work at a certain price. At the end of the at a certain price. At the end of the month he figures up his earnings, but lot when he goes to the captain's office to settle he finds himself put down for a lower figure. When he makes complaint that the contract price has not been lived up to, he is calmly told that nu such price was ever agreed upon. There is his money. He may take it or leave it, as best suits him. In such a case what can a poor fellow do? He has the American's inalienable right to suc, thus cutting himself off from all hope of further work from that company or any ther work from that company or any other member of the coal octopus. If he sues he will have his claim contested all the way to the court of appeals, and there will be nothing to support it but his own oath opposed to that of his boss. What can he do, indeed, but grin and bear it? Cases have been brought to my attention where remuneration has been cut down one-half in just this way, and in other cases where work for which \$3.40 has been promised was cut down \$1.40 and \$1.80. On one occasion a committee from one of the Coxe Brothers & Co.'s mines went several times to Drifton to place their grievances before General Superintendent Kudlich, but they always found it impossible to get an audi-

olden times if a man suffered from a fall of rock by no fault of his own the company cleared it away. Now he must

do it at his own expense.

If his vein goes back on him, and there is much rock blasting necessary, he must do it, and if necessary to keep a gangway clear must load it all for the large sum of nothing, and all the while paying the company \$2,75 for \$1.25 blasting powder. In a hundred petty ways like these itch ing fingers are always stretching out to deplete his stender pittance and drag him eyer pauperward. Are robbery and extortion too strong words to reply to this scandalous business? "The rich richer,the poor poorer!" The phrase has grown commonplace, we hear it so often, yet it is the unvarnished truth when applied to the slaves of Pennsylvania, the saddest of all examples of man's greedy lust for gold.

The biggest cipher in all the world is

believed to be the soul of corporation. This does not necessarily apply to the coal operators, for some of the individual owners possess meaner and more in-finitesimal souls than the corporate bodies. Who and of what sort are the so-called coal barons? For the most part tney are illiterate, commonplace, ish men, to whom money is of small ben-efit, for they do not know how to use it. Now and then one blossoms out like "Dr. John" Wurtz, John Leisenring, or the Packers at Mauch Chunk, or the Coxes Packers at Mauch Chunk, or the Coxes at Drifton, but more of them live quietly, even meanly, in some bare valley near the mines. They came to this region poor, and millions dropped into their laps. There are sharpers among them. There are large tracts of mining lands which were obtained by questionable methods. But most of them are not sharpers. They are lucky. Old Asa Packer is reported to have said: "I am a — fool. Every time I try to do a sharp financial thing I make a failure of it. When I trust to luck and the wisdom it. When I trust to luck and the wisdom of others I make big hits." This describes the average coal baron. Others, sharp and unscrupulous, lead the way and he simply follows. Some of them are personally generous outside their ousiness; others seem to have hearts of flint. But take the average and put him down in front of the Astor house and a bunko steerer would never think him worth plucking. And, with all his hourded and growing millions, I don't

either in this world or the next. "Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to de-fer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do your fate may be that of the countless thousands who have done likewise, and who to-day fill consumptives' graves. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and consumption itself, if taken in time, can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." This wonderful preparation has no equal as a remedy for lung and throat diseases. All druggists.

believe that he is of much real account,

Around the World.

Boston Herald: The Russian government has decided to enter upon the work of building a line of railroad across Siberia, from the borders of European Russia to the Pacific ocean, the probable eastern terminus of the line to be the port of Vladivostok, on the Japan sea. It is estimated that it will require five years to complete this line, but at the end of that time it will be possible to travel from St. Petersburg to the Pacific ocean in fifteen days. This will mater-ially reduce the time now required to make a circuit of the globe. It is possible now to improve on the once sensational assertion of "round the world in eighty days," in consequence of the greater rapidity of water transportation. But by the short cut suggested above, assuming that regular connections could be made, it is nos unlikely that the traveler, who was willing to go on without stopping for occasional rests, could make this circuit in approximately fifty days. That is, starting from New York, it would require seven days to go to London, three days from London to St. Petersburg, lifteen from there to the Pacific nineteen days for crossing that ocean and six days from San Francisco to his starting point. While at present there is no connecting line on the Pacific with Vladivostok, the distance from that point to the trade centers of Japan is relatively short, and if a trans-Siberian railway is built, one may be sure that a line of swift steamers will run across the Japan sea in connection with it, and in this way the regular steamers plying across the Pa-cific could be readily reached. Indeed, if the speed of these Pacific steamers could be increased so as to equal that of the fast steamers that now cross the Atlantic ocean, the allowance of nineteen days given for passing from continent to continent might be appreciably re duced. We are beginning to realize that our globe is but a small place, and in a generation or two more there will not probably be any part of the earth's surface, if we except the polar regions, that will not be quite as accessible to the inhabitants of this city, for example, as what is now Chicago was to the residents

of Boston two generations ago. An Important Element of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla i the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The fa-miliar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all

Map of Paris. Phillip Herztmann, au old resident of

the city, has just received an elaborate map of Paris, his old home, which is printed in fifteen different colors. He has also a guide to the great French metropolis, which also contains a map. Both of these are line mediums of in-struction, and can be obtained from Mr. Herztmann at the very reasonable cost of

Toilet Waters impart a delightful coolness and fra-Down one flight of stairs -if you can and careful miner pay for the shiftless, Co.'s are the standard.

VINDEX Havana Cigar

This is the only cigar in the United States made of

Pure Havana Tobacco, (long filler). Buy one for 50 and you will never buy any

other. For sale in all first-class retail stores. McCord, Brady & Co.,

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The wonderful efficacy of Swift's Specific as a remedy and cure for rheumatism and all blood diseases, has never had a more conspicuous illustration than this case affords. The candid, unsolicited and emphatic testimony given by the venerable gentleman must be accepted as convincing and conclusive. The writer is a prominent citizen of Mississippi. The gentleman to whom Mr. Martin refers, and to whom he is indebted for the advice to which he owes his final relief from years of suffering, is Mr. King, for many years the popular night clerk of the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

JACKSON, Miles., April 29, 1897. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the ist of forty years, having contracted pulmouary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the 1st of March, 1875, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walked on crutches. Then the pain was leav folent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a moment for oleven years and seven months—thatis from March I, 1875, when I was first attacked, to October I, 1886, when I was cured. During those cleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable precerpitions from various physicians, and tried everything suggested by friends, but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine taken internally or externally. I am not aware of its. Finally, about the first of September, I made arrangements to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, having despaired of every other remedy, when I needentally met an old acquaintance, ir. King, now of the Lawrence House of this city. He had once been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, as I supposed, had been cured by a visit to Hot Springs. But when I met him he told me that his visit to the Hot Springs was in vain—he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he heard, for the first time, of the S. S. S. as a remedy for rheumatism. He tried it and six bottles made a complete cure. Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease.

I immediately returned to try it. In September I took four bottles, and by the first of October I was well—as far as the rheumatism was concerned. All pain had disappeared, and I have Not Fell A twinter to a sure source of relief, and if it has this result I am well rewarded for my trouble. I am very respectfully and truly your friend.

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